



The Short Stories 2



Sachiko Tamaki

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* All the three stories, including the prelude are fiction.

The first story ‘The Village’ is the crime horror that was inspired from historical materials. It contains violence, shocking, and obscene descriptions.

‘The Fossil’ is the archeological, mysterious love story. It contains obscene, strong expressions.

The third story ‘∞’ is the astronomical research based space comedy, which both children and adults are enjoyable, together.

Stories & Pages

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The Village:

- * Kay Jefferson: Ten years old, male.
- * Irwin Jefferson: Kay's brother, twelve years old.
- * Tace Jefferson: Kay's father.
- * Sabeen Jefferson: Kay's mother.
- * Balint: Police Officer.
- * Lina Nelson: Kay's schoolteacher.
- * Mr. Nelson: Lina's father.
- * Mrs. Nelson: Lina's mother.
- * Alex: Kay's friend.
- * Dalton: Kay's classmate.
- * Naja: Kay's classmate.
- * Efharis: Kay's classmate.
- * The people in the village:
Jack, Pablo, Mrs. Anderson
- * Nurses
- * Gido
- * Chunk

The Fossil:

- * Abrielle Ropez
- * Valin Ropez: Abrielle's father.
- * Jane Ropez: Abrielle's mother.
- * Fabrico: Abrielle's fiancé.
- * Galeno: Thief.
- * Udell: Abrielle's servant.
- * Madera: Dentist.
- * Qamar: Madera's patient.
- * Zar: Qamar's chief.
- * Yanni: Qamar's neighbor.
- * Koda: The female in the island.
- * The explorers

∞:

- *Logos: The king of the planet Zeta.
- *Vala: The Maiden, princess.
- *The Mars: The guy on the planet Zeta.
- *The Jupiter: The guy on the planet Zeta.
- *The Saturn: The guy on the planet Zeta.
- *The Uranus: The guy on the planet Zeta.
- *The Neptune: The guy on the planet Zeta.
- *The Pluto: The guy on the planet Zeta.
- *The Great Dog (The Great Anubis): Hunter for Logos's castle.
- *The Little Dog (The Little Anubis): Hunter for Logos's castle.
- *The Dwarf Centaurs: They work for the castle.
- *The Aquila-Pteryx: Hybrid between the eagle and the archaeopteryx, the assistant hunter for the castle.
- *The Anubis-Flamingoes: The flamenco dancers for the castle, their faces are the jackals.
- *The Goat -Fish: Nurse for the princess.
- *The Bull-Peacocks: They work for the Anubis-Flamingoes, but some of them are sometimes mistakenly captured because of their distinctive wings and seemingly the aggressive horns.
- *Pollux: The twin in Zeta.
- *Caster: The twin in Zeta.
- *The Crab-Dinosaur
- *The Megalosauruses: The servants for the Crab-Dinosaur.
- *The Hydra
- *The Monkey-Cocks: The administration workers for the castle.
- *The Cat-Penguins: The workers for the castle, their faces are the cats.
- *Bob: One of the people on the Earth.
- *Sally: One of the people on the Earth.

Prelude (as the foreword)

Prelude (as the foreword)

‘And I followed the accustomed path, woods and foliage, the leaves were crispy on the soil, half a century had been elapsed, but the ten years old boy whose mind was, in some sense belonged to me, I arrived there, the dilapidated watermill house, the wheel had already terminated its whirl. Melancholy ... Brooding... as it would never propagate for the upcoming winter, again, yes, actually, I had been with your father, when we the children, occasionally had had the puerile nostalgia for the sweltering, frolic summer, Balint had told me that you had been in boarding school to begin your autumn, and that had been the peculiar thing as we hadn’t met, which had been the distance, between me and the officer, you had rather helped to establish.

However, I am feeling most of our affined proximity with you now, because the watermill had already been covered with the dark green moss, the rusted era, waiting to vanish. Our village had been in the insidious confusion for the impending war...

My dear fellow, the son of my senior.

Yours sincerely, K.J.’

The nib of the pen hissed a little against the corn-silk paper that he had been running his neatly arranged alphabets, but it was merely eva-

nescent, as if the water foam lisped for the pole to move forward on the serene lake where was far away from there, beyond the hillocks, mountains, and being faded away from his old house.

The ruche was made by the slothful gondola, the female's ivory dress was tied her waist around with the red string, her smart nose line was aware for suggesting to the male near the bow, he stopped his hand, and rested the long stick to settle himself near the edge that the sculpture was shaped as the human head, the reticent expression it had, whose eyes were defined to occupy itself. She folded the letter, and gave it to him, but it was only to be put into his pocket. 'Where's the past gone to?'

'No, I haven't met it, yet.'

'Our storage may be bulging with it.'

'We'll get shore and have the ample of our lunch.' The gondolier smiled, his sienna skin, curly hair, every of him under the sun, when the female nodded and looked up, the helical radiance, the naughty twilight as she was impossible to gaze at, thus her eyes might have been away from it, once upon a time, towards the Universe without light, infinite refulgence, and space without end.

The dining tables and the chairs, albeit, the participants were merely the two, the golden colors immersed the entire existence from the ceiling with the chandeliers, the tablecloth was, of course, sparkling as well, these extended into eternity, even if they were upside down at distance, no matter to be fallen into other planets.

It was obvious that the guitars played by the Dwarf-Centaurs, chopped the zeniths of the cadences for the Anubis-Flamingoes' flamencos on the stage, their spectrum bird hips, the prominent Egyptian faces,

‘Bow-Wow!’ Their stretched smooth postures, the elegant feet motions, the excited, ‘Bow-Wow’ for everybody.

As soon as the entrance was creaked to open, the Dwarf-Centaurs in their cravats came in single file to serve the main dish for their king, and the princess, ‘Ant-pea-beef.’ After their confident menu hunted by the two dogs was introduced, the Bull-Peacock on the plate, sprinkled salt and pepper over itself. The savoring flavor stimulated the king, which was enough to induce his lectureship, ‘The ostriches are usually persistent for their seeds, pure and straight! Thus, they make the ominous sign by their menagerie breeding, in order to inform of us, the doom of peril. However, as for the peacocks, they often make mistakes... like this! Like this!’ He gaffed in quake, yet as the humiliated couple, the emu and the ram with their lamb, its beak was appeared as the frippery, murmured in wry sentiments, a moment of panic sieged the hall, correspondingly, this tension was the adequate trigger to burst the princess’s indignation of its peak. Her dish was flew high towards the stage, which the waving trajectory was as if for the tactical serendipity.

The flamenco dancers finished their performance and bowed in wagging their wings, whereas the master of ceremony was dealing with the situation impromptu, ‘The overture of the spring, the Aquarius commenced the events, but we close our curtain.’ The Dwarf-Centaur commanded the wee centaurs to pull the drapes, so that the sauce and the dish didn’t collide with the golden waterfall or rather the fountain, except that it got to be pellucid as the elastic glass shield, the Bull-Peacock escaped to the Milky Way, spattering his spices, the milk river was a bit briny.

The Village

The Village

Kay didn't finish a cup of tea that his mother had filled after their breakfast, but he didn't see whether Irwin, his brother's cup was empty, Kay strapped the sachet to his shoulder and ran out their house with him, the street had had yet the trace of rain since before the day, it could be dried till noon, his brother's friends accompanied from the second corner on the way to their school, 'Good morning, Kay.'

'Good morning.' Within for five minutes, Alex was going to be with him, and they would break into their dash, because they would prefer to be just the two of them, rather than with his brother's elder members, the two years difference of their age was felt to be the huge gap among them. Kay saw Pablo who was the gymnasium employee as well as the leader of their boy-scout club having jog, 'P A B L O!' He couldn't hear Kay's voice, 'PA- B-LO-!' when one of the elders saluted him with the louder voice than him, Pablo quickly turned his face, and it reduced the effect on Kay, which for his discovery of his acquainted male adult before the others, Pablo's completed physique that they had been fledging, earlier than Kay.

Kay was looking at the clock on his classroom, the day that had begun like this, was about to ring the closing bell, in fact, there was nothing to bore him, but the work for the children often obliged them to be frugal for their hours in freedom, as they may have been evinced, immaturity, but enough having the presage that the time as a teenager was limited within once in their lives.

‘And, the boys, get the mind for it, as I astonish you for tomorrow, Dalton will come with his nurses, and we get to see him on the park festival.’

‘And, will he be with us from tomorrow?’

‘No he can’t, I will tell you about him. His illness is, exactly called cardiovascular disease, he is not able to breath as we do, and he hasn’t yet arise himself from his hospital bed. Let me show these, and if our girls are scared, it is not by me, but by the boys, and these are the things that we have our insides.’ Miss.Nelson, their teacher, exhibited the two pictures on the blackboard, and chalked the anatomical description.

Kay was felt peculiar contradictory that her thin polo cashmere was attached to her voluptuous upper half, the blond curly hair strewn on her mid-back, the slender legs supported the whole by the time when the lungs and the heart were proved on the board, as if the doctor was informing of the patient what he or she would be, albeit Miss.Nelson was the teacher who had jested about her own gaffe as a fable that had happened before her profession, and her students had had penchants for her stories, presumably, they had been evoked admiration for her, their admiration for the teacher who hadn’t ever imposed the arbitrary social precept on the children, which it had been too easy to be believed as they had been enough to recognize why she had spoken about it.

When Kay felt horrible queasiness about the reality of organs, she completed the preparation to instruct one of the most serious subjects for her students, the sheer facts. ‘These are looked like plants in the forest where you go with your friends, they are the lungs as the petals, but the trachea is the strong trunk, these bronchus are the important parts for our respiratory system, as these contain alveoli to treat oxygen and

carbon dioxide, the lungs work with our hearts to keep the best for the circulations of our breaths, as the plants also do this as the photosynthesis. As the mutual relationship, each of our oxygenated and deoxygenated blood is carried to the left and the right of the heart. And can you see that? The route structure is controlled by many valves, thus they are accurately distributed... However, Dalton's heart is weakened to complete these works, his cardiovascular valves are failed without medicine.' Whether a moment of her sentiment, and she intentionally accentuated 'Cardiovascular', a difficult medical jargon for them, yet someday, it would assist their higher study, she continued, 'Our blood has many roles, such as so called, lymphocytes are included in it, if there was something wrong, it wouldn't be able to protect our body, and Dalton's immune system was not well. This is the reason why he has to visit the park with many nurses and the equipment.'

After Miss.Nelson's metaphorical descriptions about the organs, Kay was slackened to perceive even the beauty of them, then Alex tweaked his lip downward for his laugh from his seat, in fact, though they hadn't ever touched the organs, these would be as the other side of their mouths, and Kay confirmed the tangible experience with his tongue.

‘My mother asked me why Miss.Nelson always put crimson chewing gum on her lips.’ Their classmate, the girl’s chief, Efharis had ever questioned the teacher, and she had smiled to answer, ‘Ah, that’s my most favorite lipstick, as our vessels don’t have such marvelous pure red.’ Efharis had reacted with her precocious maturity by only slanting her neck, in her position behind Naja, there had been Dalton in their row, he had been the farthest place from the teacher, wearing the glasses during the curriculum, over his limpid, handsome white skin.

A tint of memory, Kay felt as if Dalton was still there, but the whiff was eliminated soon, because of the brooding propeller of the fighter plane, it was ubiquitous those days. When the people decided to be in the sky, their motivations could be vary, but the sharp iron craft, stubbornly indicated the destination. Kay’s attraction to the airplane was, indeed, not only as the particular boys’ curiosity for the heroic duty. He tried to observe it nearer and nearer, eventually he was deceived by the reflecting sunlight from the windows, surely, the pilot was waving his hand to him. Jack...? When had the acquainted village guy been conscripted as well as had the war begun? Just as Kay raised his hand to answer the pilot whose pale blue arm that was suddenly extended to grab his hand, and his sloe eyes were in deep desolation, Kay flung himself to stand, hopefully his tiny shriek was heard by none, correspondingly, the bell bleeped, which brought him to be in the boisterous reality.

‘We’ve got the words from Miss.Nelson.’ Alex caught Kay’s arm, and since he hadn’t yet settled his exercise books into the bag, he held them with his armpit to follow his friend to the teacher on her work desk, her spare reticle and the brief case were on the top edge.

‘Miss, we get the snacks to the park, tomorrow, don’t we?’

‘Yes, sure, and you may bring the coins, but not so much. As you buy the snacks in the parlors there.’

‘My daddy wouldn’t give much.’

‘What about Dalton? I know his nibbles.’ Kay interpolated.

‘No, the nurses have for him.’

The invigoration in the afternoon, the peak hour had passed, the solace was by the whimpering autumn breeze, Jack's carpenter store, the owner with his son, because that they were in their routine, despite for his purpose of confirmation about the gruesome phantasmagoria during the class, Kay feigned to be nothing, 'Hi, Jack!'

'We have many for your models.'

'Tace polished the tools in our box, recently.'

'The model planes have our flags and they are popular among you, aren't you?' Jack's eyes were narrow with his brotherly affinity, but Kay was overwhelmed.

'If it is during our class, Miss.Nelson takes it away from us.' Alex in lieu.

'I agree, she does.'

'See you, Jack.'

'See you then, fella.'

After the slightly sloped asphalt, with their frolic skipping steps, Alex turned the corner with the promise that they would meet but their heavy bags, Kay recovered from a snatch of the nightmare for their proceeding plan.

Kay went directly to the kitchen for his mother, as he needed the periodical catalogue from the village council that was the book for their daily consumption, while the gloomy insinuation of the war was begun on the newspapers, the restrictions and the regulations for the food products, especially on the basic ingredients of cooking enumerated, a bag of flour, a bottle of milk, including the refreshments for the children, were

strengthened to the degree that the villagers had to make their procurements of these in accordance with the book, being nicknamed, 'The Monthly' which had already been familiar existence for the serious substantiality for their diets.

'Sabeen, where's the Monthly? I will go to the store with Alex, would you like something?'

'No. We finished. That's perhaps with Tace, he is in the storage.'

'Thanks. We will see Dalton, tomorrow.'

'In the park?'

'Yes.'

'Hopefully, he can enjoy the brass band. After the parade, they arrive there, and play their repertoire. The guys in the balloon trousers that are suspended from their shoulders, for this year.'

'I will see them with him.'

'That's great.'

Kay marched to the garden, and opened the heavy door of their warehouse, the dusty air was conspicuous around a crumb of gas lamp, but Tace was not there. 'Dad?'

'Yes, I am.'

'Can I go upstairs?'

'No. I will be there.' The creaking noise, he was in his long-sleeve white shirt that was partly greyed, and his recessed hair intensified his exhaustion as he had been taking the sick leave from his repair job since

he had been inflicted the terrible diarrhea caused his dehydration to be in hospital for a few days.

‘I need the Monthly.’

‘Oh, yes... but I am in search for it.’

‘Is it missing?’

‘Presumably, this morning, while I was bundling up the old books, I made mistake. And I guess that I put these in here. Would you like it, right now? As I can re-order it to the council, and maybe, tomorrow, we can...’

‘Don’t worry, I will be with Alex, he has it.’

‘You should buy your chips on the periodical.’

‘I know it, Dad.’

There were the four grocery stores in their area, and only the milk and the bread were supplied in other business, such as the bookshops and the stalls. For this reasons, the earlier of each month was the hustle for the commerce, the customers were distributed the numbered tickets to visit the stores as they were difficult to give up much of their times for the long queue, moreover the stocks of the stores were usually filled at nine in the morning and at four in the afternoon, just twice in a day. Sabeen had been, in other words, fortunate for this month, as his father had assisted her for all of their necessities.

The obscured water under the thickset humpback bridge was dallying with the daylight, Alex was leaning onto the railed wall, and flicking through the pages, Kay explained Alex to share his book with him.

‘My mom always takes notes for our goods on the piece of paper and keep it in her purse, and she can do shopping without the slog, but actually I like this, it’s cheaply made as we get it by free, and when I snap each page with my fingers, it chirps. If the war began, and if we would be confined in the shelter over night, I will be with it and sing-along, it wouldn’t bore me.’

‘I agree what you say, and shall we ramble to the mill, it’s been yet at three-thirty?’

The watermill made mellifluous effort, continuously conducting the flow, the shoddy house was padlocked, and they sat on the decaying bollards near the wheel that Kay found the grasshopper flitting on, accidentally, it slipped its feet amiss and drawn in the pit, though he tried to rescue it, but his finger was trapped between the frameworks, consequently it was swelled as the black blue bruise, ‘Ah, I have’ got gout! ... ve’ got gout, Alex !’ His friend swaddled Kay’s finger with his palms and carried it into his mouth, his canine tooth broke the skin, the blood was sluiced down, Kay felt pain, but when he carefully scrutinized the cut, he sensed Alex’s saliva, would Naja have changed her mind from Dalton to Alex after his illness?

Naja had had the glass jar, the fruity candies in it, and Miss.Nelson had never ever restricted it because she had been given it from her mother who had convinced her that it had been as her amulet. One day at school, she had put the candy into Alex's mouth, 'Look it, the wrapping has the glib to sell, "Cocky sugar for hubris" Are you hubris, Alex?'

After a few days since the affair, the students had made competition for their reading, and they had stood one by one on platform where had been usually for Miss.Nelson. Naja had finished her iambic adagio, which had been like the radio broadcast that Tace and Sabeen had listened to it every Sunday, and Miss.Nelson had given her extensive praise for it, 'What's her name, who is that? Yes, Naja, there is the famous voice actress who speaks as you, and when she laugh for her role, I enjoy it with her, You have the same, Naja, you can practice more and more for it.'

'Thank you, Miss, I appreciate for it.'

However, there had been no duration until Naja had made squeaky voice, as soon as she had returned to her seat, Efharis had inserted her pencil between Naja's back and her fabric, 'See, everyone, the pencil is crying, "Oh help me! help me!"' Her girls had cackled.

'I wouldn't like you to do this, Efharis !'

'However, Miss, my hands moved by themselves'

'Can you please pick your pencil?'

'I need not it, Miss. Because I learnt from you to say, I wouldn't like it, or I favor of it. And I don't like this pencil.'

Dalton who had yet been outpatient at the time, had abruptly stood up, and had brought it back on Efharis's desk, 'Thanks, Dan!' She had

winked to Dalton who had been blushed, he had completely ignored all the people that had stayed there, and Kay had been begging for leaving the place.

Naja had been rumored as the nomadic decent, and her dense black eyebrows as well as the eyes, but her stubby nose as a candy, with the corpulent lips, had tended to be coquettish. Naja's mother had often selected for her the high waist lined stretch dress, when she had worn the rose patterns on it, Miss.Nelson had made eulogy, but in this occasion, Naja had answered that her mother had once told her, 'You can wear this as long as you are not pregnant, and if you are accustomed to this dress, you never desire for the protruded stomach.' She had mentioned it in her consonant, yet tensed pronouncement to intend Efharis, it might have been her revenge, and perhaps, not only to Efharis.

What would be the revenge? Kay firmly gripped his finger, the brownish dark crimson, it was not because of Alex's hatred, but his tepid, ambiguous infatuation on his injury, subsequently he smelled the fleshy iron for a second, then it was dissipated into a faint of oil and metal, from somewhere, he examined among the bushes. Mrs. Anderson was there, in the factory clothes, her disheveled numb face, though she disappeared, it was peculiar since she should have been walking her yapping dog during this time, after baking oatcake for her newlywed husband.

'Kay, our time for the store.' Alex kissed his hand and his contemplation vanished as well.

The line to the store maintained the medium length for the final week of October, the entrance was still kept shut and the filaments were diminished, Kay peeped in to speculate that they could complete their stocks for welcoming the customers, he glanced at the edge of the store lane through the glass shield, because the corner was where the secret purchase taken place, for the products out of the selection by the council, in fact, there was the arbitrary freedom for the villagers, who didn't want to obey it, and of course, the children were usually prohibited to buy these, since a sort of risk was considered, to be witnessed by the vigilantes in their extremity.

However, Kay was rather in search for the specified mint stick as it had his favorite gimmick, especially, the plastic model tank that he had ever obtained, nevertheless he had lost it that had been eventually reported to the local policeman, Balint, 'I should get it back to me, even I go to the lane. If the people went there, and were witnessed, would the police arrest them?'

'No, we are impossible to intervene the problem, but as you are the primary school children, you can only go with whom responsible on you, such as your parents or teachers.'

'Yes, sir, and your duty is to find my battle tank.' Kay had playfully saluted. 'Yes, sir, I hope to find it.' Balint had grinned from his stomach, in his tall muscular built, and his snow strings that had been about to be distinctive when he had been without his police cap.

As Kay seemingly perceived Balint's voice among the queue, he looked at the customers who were waiting for the opening, but they were as if the fleet of desperate wrecks, their sallow expressions and the torn fabrics, where had Alex gone?

Balint was consisting the line, as the officer had the sack in his military uniform, he would receive the grains, and when Kay attended him, he turned to him, but Kay was not certain whether he had the two sacks, because it was as though the saggy bag, the lacerated tissues hung down from the half of his torso.

'Kay, hey you, it would be sandy, Kay...' Alex handed his catalogue to him, which had been slipped down from his friend's arm.

'Ale...?'

'Did you read it as a somnambulist?'

The hinges for the entrance were released by the two store assistants, 'Please don't be rush, we have enough for you.' It was as the realistic fantasy since the polished, waxy concrete floor, and the shelves had the toy blocks-like products, these were united each of its one kind, the smiling boy and the mother were as the package design for the consommé brick, they would have no concern for their lives, and Kay was jubilant, because the striped turquoise was sold, his sought-after peppermint stick, he could expect the tank, once more, if so, he would show it to Balint.

In the middle of the summer, during the vacation period, the perfume had filled Miss.Nelson's private room at home with her family, and sweltering air had been alleviated as Pablo had given the vent among the windows, but venetian blind had been kept closed.

Miss.Nelson's upper naked body had been relied on the headboard of her bed, her legs had been widely parted by Pablo's sexual organ that had been being tightly inside of her until he had gained his elation, after for seconds, his motions had been loosened, he had groped around the top-surface of the furniture to get the water. Pablo had discovered the aluminum foiled torte from her drawer under the side table, having already been fetid.'As I turned the corner of the secret lane.'

'You. So. Fu...in. Brave. My. Cherry. Baby.' He had integrated his arm around her that she had chuckled to escape, and he had intentionally, disseminated the foul odor by peeling the cover, their loud jokes, their deep kissing that had been on the verge of veiling her nostrils, it had been just when they had submerged into their bed, again, Mr.Nelson had smashed into her room, immediately the naked couples had been exposed, seized Lina to bash her side.

Pablo had intervened, punched her father, who had been the senior member of his boy scout gymnasium, both of them had been soaked with their damages, even the mortal calamity had been provoked, when Lina's weep had reached the summit, the perfume bottle had hit Pablo's

cheek, a piece of tooth on the floor, the shred of gluey substance had attached to it, albeit he had moaned for a moment, he had caught Mr.Nelson's neck, but his wife had already called the police, finally, Balint had arrived.

The season had been nearly the end, Kay had disapproved the turning wheel of the water mill at the time, as it had, indeed, scratched the time elapsing.

Balint had been for the cleaning work in the forest on the day, once in a year, the local police had investigated if there had been uncanny litter, wastes, and the dead animals. Kay had beacons Balint, pointing to the mill house, 'If I did wrong, you wouldn't need to search for me, because I would be there.'

'However, you can explain to me, anytime, why you would do wrong.' Regarding the officer's impeccable response, he had actually had another mind for the toy tank that would have been among the woods, although it would have worn the soil, the shiny surface had been remained, but equally that he had regretted his puerile flippancy to this police officer though, his contrition had inevitably come out as probing into his teacher's privacy, in fact, he hadn't wanted the detail, 'Did...did Miss. Nelson and Pablo do something wrong?'

'The teachers are to teach many things to us.'

'Can I learn more from her?'

'Yes, because you live with her in this village, and so do I.' Balint had continued his words, and had asked him if he had been around the mill until the sunset, and if so, the officer had been able to be with him to his house.

It had been the dusky evening, the street lamps had spotted the two side by side, yet tricky memory had committed to Kay's juvenile mind, as he couldn't remember what they had been talking about, presumably,

what he would want to be in the future, whether the war would happen, or not.

The members of the brass band, whose trumpets and trombones undulated their tunes from courageously upswept epics to the steady ballad as the sorrow for the hero, the children in the park realized that their climax performance after the arrival to the main place, exactly established the famous old legend, as Sabeen had ever said, but except their parallel braces and the pants, they were clad in variety of trinkets, the cosmetics, swords, crowns, and the humorous ribbons for the males in their powdered off-white hues, typically their roseate cheeks.

Kay and Alex hurriedly finished their chips and ran to the trash bin, washed their hands in the fountain, as their teacher tensely informed that Dalton had just arrived. 'We get blue island soda after we see Dan.' Alex declared.

The bed and the castors were visible at first, but there were no cumbersome medical equipment. As if the freezing wind wafted through the children, Dalton had the snow skin as the isolated sombre statue at midnight exhibition, he was staring at the air in the sky where serenity was there, even in the case that apoplexy also suffered him, yet the nurses' boisterous clapping was spontaneously erupted, with their cheerful calls, 'Dan, Dan, Dan, Dan!' Some of their classmates did participate in it, but Alex and Kay didn't, Naja's spasmodic attempt to take Dalton's hand, but Miss.Nelson forbade. Kay shuddered, because his former classmate was surrounded by the haunting excitements, as if... 'Done, Done, Done, Done!'

They were morose to their homes, Kay and Alex hadn't bought the soda. 'It was only just that ... that... Dan only just wanted to see us.' Alex rustled the evening between them.

Kay was on the street where his house was, the book delivery van was parked in his garden, Tace might have made his second order.

'Dad?' It was utterly stark, 'Irwin? Are you all right?' His brother's groan... Suddenly, his mouth was gagged from behind, and he was dragged to the living room, impossibility to unleash the scream petrified Kay, his parents were lying on the carpet, Sabeen's pleated hair was disordered to ooze the black red matter. 'We sit next to your brother.' He was pushed onto the couch, Irwin in his dilated eyes immediately gripped his little brother.

'Chunk, you look the kitchen for it.' The both males covered their heads to the jaws with their mother's stockings. 'You can call me Gido. It's easy for you to look at what my lad is doing, otherwise I slash you with this knife.' Tears for terror, but they were too tenacious to nod for Gido's command, and Irwin smudged the sofa.

'Your father made order to us, as he had lost the Monthly, and he requested the one for this month, I persuaded him that your family had already finished for this October, but he persisted. It was nasty pus he spit to us, you know. How long is the rest of the days? It's only for three days to the next month, damnably stupid. And we decided to schlep all of the catalogues for November into this house, they should have been to all the villagers, but all of them were given to your father, and all of them are going to be destroyed with us, you know what I mea...F...k! Hey, hey dopey pig, Chunk, how is your flame? The kid's got gush.' Despite the dim room,

the piles of the books were visible along the wall towards the kitchen where the guy, being called Chunk tossed the steamy hot towel to Gido, after it hit his chest, it rebounded to drop onto his knee, he stood up in his gloves to get rid of the stain, the blade was intended to the two children, for a moment, roaring burst of shot, and it penetrated into the endocrine concave of his shoulder that had been exposed aside, Kay heard the battering steps into their house, as well as Gido squeaked as the cat that was scratched.

‘Balint!’ The police launched their raid, ‘My mate!’

Gido was jerking, while the police sieged Chunk, and the stretcher was carried in, ‘Don’t move!’ Balint ordered the offender, who endeavored his crawl to the kitchen, ‘Hey, hey, kid, can you give me the frosty towel, this boiling rag is terrible?’

‘No, it’s my job.’ The officer’s alert.

‘...Our village had been in the insidious confusion for the impending war... There might be the balance of live and death, nobodies are impossible to change in the ambivalent scale since history has begun. I had learnt many during the period...’

The sergeant Kay Jefferson was in his obsolete garden of his upbringing house, the deciduous trees sent their venerable fallen leaves onto the soil, he touched the grass grown from it, which was unexpectedly tough, a tingle of sensation on his finger.

(Fin)

The Fossil

The Fossil

Perspirations from the humid essence of tropical forest pelted at midnight, and the capable dimensions of furry leaves, they were thick and obstinate, they persisted in releasing the droplets onto the soils, despite many of them were evergreen, they would devour to burgeon themselves after the tepid shower.

It was the stultifying morning, Madera's sultry surgical room would exacerbate the patient, who was going to visit for her dental practice, thus she opened the door, the oblique slab eaves, the remnant from the petulant sky over the archipelago, touched her cheek. Her dense black hairs were arranged in two braids, her perceptive eyes on the maroon face markedly, it was the time to arrange the pine resin that worked as the anti-inflammatory as well as the styptic, and she flipped the wooden sash, as the incense was burnt, the traveller would scent it, not to lose his way to where he would be cured, she wore the white pinafore.

Even to pestle the taro, it couldn't be continuous only for minutes in his swelled feature and headache, the magnificent water from the above had been the perturbation on his nerve through the night, and this day was exactly when the salvation would be conducted for him, the pain would be away, which had been since he had relinquished his chisel in the quarry, because as soon as he had gouged the stones, it had been as if he had lacerated his molar tooth.

Nevertheless, Qamar had already visited the shaman as their chief Zar had taught him that the torment on the roots had been unable to be healed except any mythical deeds, consequently, the shaman had prescribed him the wing woven poncho, but the fibrous mantle made of the bark had been felt to be cumbersome against the debilitating power of his muscle, the resonant voice had been reverberating, 'The evil stem, the wicked tooth is flew away from you.'

Eventually, Zar had recommended him to visit the reputable dentist who had been, previously his daughter in law, but he had added, 'You wear the garment from the shaman when you go to her, this is the law of life for our clans, how to live.'

It should have been the one-hour traverse from his residence to the hill in the mountain where the dentist was there, but Qamar's emaciated vigor took nearly twice of the distance. He had to rest on his way, and as he was depriving himself sitting under the yew tree, the sympathetic buttress on his back, the passer-by casted the banana, 'We are to see your ghost, Qamar! You can wash your eyes on the riverside.'

He was awakened, and he discovered the rivulet, as the mangroves were enough to be seen through, which meant that the water was sterile, moreover the Sago palms spectacularly spread their hands, the salubrious environment recovered him for his journey as the cool water eased his torment.

Qamar's fugitive toil was ended by swallowing a cup of remedy, Madera explained it as the solution of mineral powder, and it could disinfect the inside of his mouth, despite his excruciating pain, he was enthralled by this heavenly woman, and his chimerical thought as if there was no concern in his life, anyway he was laid on the mat.

'You need the extraction, but you are not afraid to be distressed, since you are going to experience ephemeral death.'

'Am I dead?'

The dentist dimpled. 'You fall asleep. And you forget yourself during the dream, but if you did so while you were conscious, our breath would be also stopped, thus none have ever done it, I suppose. You are dosed the ointment only a small amount to put into your cavity, it is the same as the quality for which the wings on your poncho are interlaced.'

Because Madera inserted her fingers, the thin rubber contact into his mouth, he felt embarrassing seduction, thus begged to divest it, just when his tongue was touched, but she didn't accept him as Zar had ever rigidly recommended her to sustain it for hygiene. They argued for a while, and he gradually retrieved as he found the woman as much better scalp that he was unable to defeat, though he had been with proud literacy than other clans under Zar, as soon as he had learnt the mythical folklores in his childhood, he used to be the acknowledged storyteller surrounded by his family, and Yanni had visited his house to be taught for the day for which he had been unable to follow during their workshop, they had eaten the coconut after their study, Qamar's mother had made the soup for them, it had been the reward that Yanni had climbed up the high-rise, 'Those are like the rubber trees, while I am going up, I feel so

scare, as they shake me, but as I get fruit, I stretched my arm and the elastic bounces assist me.'

If his pal married with Koda, whether they would quarrel as Qamar and Madera, and it was difficult for him to be certain that Madera was the dentist, who only to eradicate his rotten tooth because of her duty, as she may have been born for her work.

Interesting ritual for their betrothals among the community had been that the bridegroom had been put up for one night before the marriage ceremony, and the couple had stayed together, thus Qamar had visited Koda with the customary stone doll that he had made by his hand, and his fiancé had welcomed him in her black hat to exhibit her affirmative attitude towards him, but his catastrophic event had happened when he had been standing in front of her chamber, since the columns of her shack had propped too narrow, furthermore she had blocked him, and her aggressive hostility, 'Scram ! Scram! Our guys abused me, yesterday "Here comes the wench held by the phallic monster"'

'No, I don't hurt you.'

It had been about the time that his molar tooth had begun to disturb him, but in the degree not to influence his mason work, Yanni had been close to him, 'You look pale, I can do these for you, because I have to be diligent as Koda promised me our baby that would come onto us.' His colleague hadn't had his words anymore, and he had felt that it had been his utter casuistry by means of ignorance to the point, yet everything had been impossible to be discerned.

‘Qamar, Qamar, the sun will be set.’

He attempted to response, but terrible thirst, as if his throat was staunchly adhered to the abscess, a cup of water from her flask was given to him, ‘Have you ever been inflicted by the pain?’

‘No, not at all. I was in my dream, but I didn’t forget myself even though I was snoozing.’

‘This was of your mouth, the root was terribly macerated, would you like this at home?’

‘Never ever, again. It is as if the tiny vestige of some crustaceans burnt to be eaten, but we don’t taste it.’

‘Yes, of course.’ They laughed.

‘It’s been the time when the sky is shyly prurient in light coral. You return by the canoe, it is waiting for you on the lakeside.’

‘My purse is of the animal skin in the forest, and it is not with me, but I can return to you to pay as you saved me from agony.’

‘Yes, you can.’

Qamar took the totem pole-like stone doll from the backside of his poncho. ‘It protects you from every calamity of your life. It becomes sand when you are in fetal jeopardy.’

‘You are jesting on me, Qamar, this is the basaltic man for your fiancé.’

‘I made him, and he will keep your safe, as you did for me.’

The naked grade was revealed by the intransigent effulgence of savvy nature, before it was penetrated into the other side of the earth, and Qamar could be ushered to his destiny, yawing the canoe along the tributary, the steady rippled surface. The boat and the paddle were made of the logs, as the timbers were the most of their sustenance, for the islanders, these were seldom used for the bulky productions, he observed the blade of the paddle that had the paint of raven with its huge wings. If Madera's tool had been the wood and the ivory, she wouldn't have had the gangrenes on her knuckles.

The remnant of the faint incense was on his mantle as the nepenthe's nectar, seductive, lurid, there were the gnarled floras and faunas with their lives.

The rumor was passed on, after Zar invited the explorers to him, the recumbent chief on the filigree mat, they came over the sea.

The tough guys in their sun-hats hired many clans, and they excavated the cave of the valley. While the mustached leader was with his shovel, the lanky tribe convulsed the rope that cordoned off the site, 'You thwart in our life, because we are imposed to be away from our place.'

'Your chief is so kind, and our work compensates you, it is always the truth of us.' Although the native was as the aggressive rabbit that was scared off to escape because of the minor thud from the bush, the captain was unsettled by the local's fluent diction, and glanced at his own male whose trouser bulged with the notes and the coins for his private deal with the clans, he pecked one of them, slapped his buttocks, the man wiped his blotchy face with his muddled hand before he spit onto the ground, and there was only silence and toil after all, by the time when they eventually dug the huge amount of human skulls. 'We require some of them for us, but the rest of these should be buried as the dead, of course, we will do as well.'

'Yes, some of them are yours because you found them, but the others can be our resource.'

The easel was set, her palette had the tints of her memory, it had been the phantasmagoric night of the spring, she had been Madera, who had lived in uncultivated land, equally if there was called the omnipotence, she had experienced the soul of tropical overseer, there was no objection to interpolate it as the scene of her life, Qamar may have returned to her, plenty of bread and fruits with him, her canvas had already sketched that Qamar was on the canoe, and the white dressed dentist was standing in the remote mountain ridge, their smooth contours were oil-colored in verdure, the celestial slate blue over them, if it sweated during the afternoon, Qamar wouldn't be separated from her.

When Abrielle heard her fiancé, Fabrico's boisterous communication with her parents downstairs, she was aware that he had missed the morning tea with her family, and after a moment of wonder, she decided on her painting kept in bare since the work merely required the modest trimming, and it would acceptably dry up for the frame, she covered her shoulder in the coral shawl that was briefly drifted by Fabrico on the middle of the stairs to be kissed, 'The carriage's been ready since I came here, and the cobbled plaza is to be arrived by their hooves.'

Jane was particularly jovial to plan for her next spree, passing through the tailors' stores and the gem shops, the spring breeze was not chilly on her sights, thereafter they got down onto the granite steps for their adornments. Although Fabrico stuck to the emerald curtains, a set of silver flatware was distinctively in their slender postures, the flowerbeds would be gripped in unruffled sagacity for her pies, she was completely mesmerized, and under the different illumination, Abrielle had no inconsistent mind to devote herself to the acquisition, moreover if Madera had worked with such pretty apparatus, her hand would have been soft as silk.

In the latter of the day, Valin and Fabrico excused the coach on the way to call on the administration office that had the fin de siècle, anachronistic beast sculptures on the portico, the aged concrete was amenable to the district, her father had ever explained about their process that his lands and the inheritance would be kept within his daughter's title, and as the life of the youths would be accomplished for their offspring, everything could be maintained in accordance with Fabrico's patrimony. She appreciated for her father's decision, and the vehicle proceeded their way to home for her and Jane.

However, they regretted when they were agape, the shards of window-panes that were radially cracked, were scattered over the lawns, the door was spoiled, they should have been with their men. Urgently, Valint returned, slammed the automobile, even though the meticulous investigation was undertaken, the loss was turned out to be only their daughter's oil painting.

‘For one week, my darling, you must be resolute, you can be indulged in the cabin with Fabrico, next to us, doing whatever you like, and you recover yourself on the cruise. The first class tickets were, to be honest, hard to be obtained. Once for your life, honeymoon, that is the same. The opulent grace can’t be punished before the serious procedure in abroad, but you and Jane are only to enjoy your chats on the chairs of the café, whereas the required duty on your father and the husband was declared not to be done easily within our town.’

There was a tiny stream trickled in her soul, and the bushy forest, if she had had a short walk with Fabrico, the palm trees would have proliferated for them, the crystal firmament, she yearned for, anyway being at home, because if she was away from there, the memory with Madera and Qamar would be eradicated, her eerie nostalgia for the atavistic people, her painting had been the medium to live with them.

Therefore, she was not forlorn on the day of their embarkation, regardless of many people’s sobbing farewells to their relatives, indeed, in altogether, the atmosphere of the port was merriment for the twirling festoons as the stars under the sun, with the brass band to embellish the promenade where mild wind encouraged the cradling waves on the ocean, the sufficient hull and the awesome masts, the liner established the assured prosperity for their sail.

‘Ah, that is the old traditional song, and now is the time for “adieu” though only for the brief period, my feet might be sometimes wistful for this rigid response from the earth’ Fabrico tapped the toe of his loafers on the tread, ‘As well as you, Abrielle, since you are my land, my place to return whenever I hope to do so.’

‘Yes, of course, and you will come to me as you get tired of Valin, who is the stiff-necked purist.’

The music was played until all the passengers crossed the bridge, and the brass band followed them in march, the revolving turbine, the funnels informed the beginning of their voyage.

The abode was too spacious for her alone to exist, it was the first time since she had been born, though her solitary time was determined to be spent for the chores, because Valin's private room and her mother's vanity unit lingered in their autonomy, the carpet could be the acceptable part of her, switching on the vacuum cleaner, the nozzle head was attached to clean up gooey dusts of the filaments, she towed the machine to the corridor, but the cord was ejected from the socket, the cacophonous motor became silent, she turned back, and saw the trace of machine as the stream of river where they would have eaten the breadfruit nearby, after Qamar had arrived her, so did her parents with Fabrico, she could have her lunch with them as the memorial day that would transcend the time and the distance.

She opened the drawer to use the set of cutleries, the folk, as if the bifurcated tool to make the furrows or rather the ocean crests. The brass band would have changed their instruments and the singer would have been hired for the madrigal at noon, whether her father had selected the deck terrace, anyway they might have ordered a la carte, since Jane had ever complained that her dessert should have been in the afternoon, with Fabrico's lilting jokes, as ever.

However, her imagination was nothing to be intuitive for the guy on the third cabin where the direct sensation from the shaking water and the hefty engine goaded him, because of his facile, cheap board, moreover he had never ever separated from the veiled canvas, and he couldn't go up to the deck for his pipe, in his bandaged fist and lumpy hair, some of the crews caricatured him as the mouse. He would buy the ample of eggs for his pregnant spouse, by haggling over this painting.

When the sailors had ever given him a bottle of whisky, he had murmured, 'The lighthouse at midnight, the yolks of the eggs.'

The moon for the tidal force, but on the decks, it had been rarely to be the shine onto the passengers.

Abrielle went towards the oak cabinet, and she had to accelerate her wheel chair due to the uneven floor, the sepia colored photos of her parents and her fiancé, having taken on the harbor before their cruise, as well as the tawny newspaper about the wrecked ship, the time had elapsed nearly for fifty years.

‘Madam’ Udell came in her room with her washed clothes mounted in the basket, he had been employed after her tibias had abnegated from their roles to support her, but anyway, this young guy, nearly in his thirty, made assiduous assists for her, nevertheless with the reasonable wages, he did every housekeeping, and the modest melancholy could have been induced if there had been the opportunity for grey haired Abrielle to remember about Qamar, since her servant had the evocative physiognomy as her patient in the dream of yore.

The solemn male, when he was polishing the cabinet, his occasional confession was that he had previously worked for the potato crops, and he was not interested in his matrimonial life as he had been exceptionally loved by his mother, the days with the owner were pleasure to him, then his feather-duster slapped the photo frames, ‘Pardon me.’ He examined these, ‘My grandfather was apparently on this ship.’

However, in fact, his family hadn’t been informed about his fate, and there hadn’t ever been the obituary for him, ‘He was the infamous guy as the cheat and the drunk, his ugly habits were not for his poverty, I sup-

pose. Have you ever heard the name, Galeno? You as a decent dame might have despised him.'

One morning, the drizzle rain degenerated her infirmity, she received the phone from Udell, who told her that he had been in terrible toothache since the night, and he would be able to recover by the evening, 'Yes, I hope, as I need you.'

There was the soap dispenser at the corner of the basin when she washed herself. 'If this bottle had been on the deep seabed, it would have been the dwellings for the tiny fish, and their foams upwards.' Udell's voice echoed. She wheeled her chair and laid herself on the accustomed bed that her parents had left.

'Father, I would like this dispenser, it reflects the light, the kaleidoscope in our bathroom, it can be fantastic.' The cobbled streets, and the granite stone, Abrielle was young.

'Do you know, Galeno, from the bottom of the sea, the surface mirrors the seabed, as if another seabed exists above? I am not certain how you did feel the significance of my painting, the immature portrayal of wafting vision, my beloved place...'

‘ Madam. I re... Madam...?’

(Fin)

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The mien of the Anubis fidgeted his nose a little to signal the Little Dog, he winked, they altered their biped running to the quadruped dash, howling for their prey that was lapsed into its trepidation, just as the two dogs, their positions straddled the sacrifice for the day, whose penguin face and cock's body abandoned every of its persistency, for the hurling spear-like, the bigger one emitted bluish white beam called the Sirius radiation, as well as the jesting rapture of the bleached spar from the puppy, the Procyon beam, the two jets were mingled, the turquoise booster mercilessly sped up the ultra vertex formed by them, and the Aquila-Pteryx having perched so far, flew down onto the prey to carry it for the king's diner, the harsh beak pricked its stomach that had already been upside down, smiling to be the gift. When had the ribbon been attached the penguin's neck? 'The Dog's triangle, beyond the law of the Universe, we are once cold as the inky snow, to be warmed in the oven for our majesty, Logos.' The ancient wings faded away into the sky, following that the Little Dog's throat churned.

'Are you starving for your pellets?'

'No, but yes. Yes, indeed, I have been hungering after the Sea Serpent, albeit the notorious reputation is prevailed through our planet, nobody has, yet faced to the slithering leviathan with its numerous heads.'

'The dinosaurs can get it, the Crab and his Megalosauruses, they are the best to taste its nematodes, before you.'

‘And our Maiden will kiss its shell.’

‘AGUUU!’ The Crab-Dinosaur in the zoo of the castle, solely roared to react.

‘Hee-Haw!’ Whereas the Dwarf-Centaurs were hustling in the scullery to wash up the dishes after the lunch, the tremors rumbled for the Megalosauruses’ approach from the backdoor, in their boisterous manner, as the one of them stepped onto the other’s long tail that they were excessively proud of, it jumped up to clamor and gave a bit of bite to the careless colleague, in their playful chasing, they opened the door, ‘Are there any leftover for our master, though he has woken up, but our Maiden, hasn’t yet visited him?’

‘Wait for a minute.’

As soon as the Dwarf-Centaurs replied, they were freely on the ceiling, or onto the skylight, their feet stuck onto every flat surface, as if they were sliding along the different surface where the gravity didn’t exist, they arrived the shelves.

‘Your circumventions are too long, the circus is too enough to get to the shelves.’

And of course that the escaped Bull-Peacock from the lunch, took the long way round, throughout the galaxies, the solar system, the gorgeous lights of extravaganza didn't invoke the fugitive melancholy, and it safely returned to the dressing room for the Anubis-Flamingoes.

'Bow-Wow, where is my hairpin? Oh you are here to come back here, without you, none could distinguish between my feather core and the accessory.'

'Yes, we are the lachrymose edible being, if you don't mind to be eaten, and we don't care for that, but we attend for you, who console the minds of the menus, by your sacred dance.' The Bull-Peacocks held their handkerchiefs as they were so impressed by the soliloquy, which was still in its short of breath.

The gaudy chamber of the princess Vala, the king turned the knob, 'Utter resentment of your demeanor during our lunch, for once in twenty-four hours, you should have savored the peacock, the condiments were felt to be sufficient for us, don't you think?' She made shriek, as she was zipped up her silver dress by the Goat-Fish, though there was a moment of Logos's hesitation, he struggled to maintain his paternal authority over her, 'You won't be able to marry with the Jupiter, such an excellent gas giant. All the serenity and the beauty of the ice colossuses are protected by his strong electromagnetic force, moreover the balance of the Earth can be attributed to his rapidly rotating power.'

The formulaic life...the princess was in denial for her destiny with the Jupiter, whose capricious mind was hard to be in her gist, she retaliated to her father. 'I won't be for your schematic order under your delusion that the Jupiter's nous is to be mostly compatible with me, for our mutual mass absorption, but I beg more of your meditation on the infinite potentials for the converged charges, as the numbers to be calibrated ad infinitum, from zero or to.'

'No, my pure damsel, but sadly, my accomplished tenet is not understood.'

'What's of your thought?'

'All of the stars have to be in their black holes, someday.'

'I was taught this platitude from my nanny.'

'Listen, listen to me until the end. The reminders, the reminders, I am talking about you. If the reminders filled this planet, they would distribute the frantic uncertainty over the Universe. Thus, I urge to you, my child, your unreasonably positive power and your galaxies can be ade-

quate to the gas giant. Our people can smell whom they are going to marry with, by means of their mutual magnetic attractions, and they are surely confident for the promised happiness. In fact, your matrimony may cool down the core of Zeta, and would reduce the instability of entropy, since the negative force has been increasing, nowadays'

"The reminders", "The reminder", because Vala was furious, the Goat-Fish, hurriedly left with the divested dress hung from the rugged forearm, and the king continued his words. 'That Goat-Fish, your nursemaid, complained days ago, her milk began to be heated that was the influence from the anomalous nucleus, isn't she the one who used to give suck to you like your mother?'

'My mother was the Ram, but you didn't recognize the typology between the rams and the goats, thus she forsook our home.'

'Oh, don't say this, your error observance, you the caveat emptor against me, the awful king of Zeta.'

This squabble with her father triggered the conduct that had hunkered in her mind for long, she whistled to the rustic vista, the Aquila-Pteryx came to be bestowed her command, 'Do the yodel by your eagled wings, inform of the males in Zeta, the competition for my subjugation will be inaugurated, as soon as they are flocked.'

During the time of its owner's quarrel, the empty stomach of the Crab-Dinosaur was fiery to exude the bubbles from the scorpion-shaped head, despite the Milky Way was alarming with the wailing pulsations, flickering to be orange and yellow, presumably for the delay, the Megalosaurus took leisure on their way, 'You had stamped on my tail, thus I bit.'

'No, you had bitten me, thus I stamped.'

'Are you the black hole since your infancy?'

However, only the Little Dog who just crossed them, growled as he heard the ominous sound, 'It may be the Hydra that is approaching to us, with the bile, excited seizure.'

On his undisturbed nap, the Great Dog was murmuring with the dribble from his mouth ajar, 'Oh, today is ... the ... day of our ceremony... milady,' summing up every citizen's flippancy that the siren would be caused by the plasmas, having been kicked by the Megalosauruses, thus on the day of the planet was within their routines, when the Monkey-Cocks whose creases on their temples started their serious desk works, the Cat-Penguins revealed their nails as their claws to construct the turret on the castle, and the king determined his timing to gong the clock in the afternoon by means of the citizens, as he alone had the arithmetic of time. The peals of the pendulum reverberated through the mountain path where the Little-Dog's ears flipped for them, he hurtled to the cave of the Hydra.

Sparkling Vala, the dress-up was completed. 'Oh, our Maiden's charm is none to be the second, you can brush away, oops, you brush up the beads on your garment. As your pet has been fed by the Megalosauruses.' The Dwarf-Centaurs gave her the bundles of wheat. 'No, they didn't.' She strolled to the zoo, the fence was released, her pet was calmed to purr, and its torso attempted to be on her knees, but her astuteness dodged the two-tons weight, correspondingly that the one tons, the Megalosauruses were standing with their buckets, regardless they concerned that the Milky Way was still in invincible madness.

After the gastronomic pleasure, the Crab-Dinosaur began to speak, 'Isn't this due to the Hydra? The Little One would undertake with his nose to nip it.'

'Oh, our puppy!' The Megalosauruses implored the princess, but she hadn't already been there. They rushed into the outside, the Aquila-Pteryx was above in his mauve costume rimmed in orange, he glided to them, 'The bathing in the Lagoon Nebula had been quick and joy, then immediately, my advertising for her event was finished, I, the delightful labor, will accompany with you.' The flexible neck of the Pteryx was swinging for his attainment, and the dinosaurs thankfully shook their claws, roaring.

However, at the time, the Little Dog was gradually reducing the proximity to the Hydra, and there were the twins of Zeta, Pollux and Caster among the bush. 'Hey, hey buddy, look that.'

'Hey, hey buddy, look that.'

'Let's herald his jeopardy.'

'Let's herald his jeopardy.'

The one of the attached twins, Pollux was much shrewd, therefore, even though of their clumsiness, the brighter one let the other to be in their haste.

‘The sons of Zeta, welcome to the spectral ball competition, you are going to stand the hyper-surface in present, and wear the bluish violet incandescence, as you are hot and dense as the planetary nebulae after you ended your childhood, but when you are hit by the attacks, your colors are changed, according to the sequence of light that goes towards purple. Your masses increase, especially, the temperatures, your goal is to cause the opponents’ supernova explosions, and the ones become the black holes to vanish, and they can’t marry with me. I love the winner whose victory with his uttermost sublimity. Additionally, the people on the Earth look upward if there is the exciting game in space, equally the excitement for our engagement.’ The Maiden was the attractive stellar core of the whole planets, the audience made contrapuntal cheers, and the participants were glittering to brandish their powers, the Mars, the Jupiter ... yet the Uranus was hiding himself surrounded by the transparent ring.

Nevertheless, Vala was conspiring another solution for the unstable hub, because the competition would consume hydrogen and helium, it could naturally make up itself, there would be no need of the urgent marriage, she examined over the warriors, the swanky guys, especially, the Mars who believed his victory, not by his red burning flames, but for his rocks.

His parents had ever told him, ‘You are unable to melt the ice giants because of the Jupiter, the most potential fiancé of our princess. However,

ironically, our Maiden's dignity is Mercury, the detriment of the Jupiter, the destiny is for your triumph.' He had snickered at them why they hadn't known the power of his craggy projectiles.

On the other hand, the Neptune was placid to prepare for the upcoming battle, he was observing the field for his strata. It had been a day before, in the earlier of the ochre evening, the Neptune and the Pluto had been on the parapet walk in the Pluto's castle, and the Neptune had assured him, 'I will fight tomorrow, not for my marriage with our princess whom you have loved since the primordial era, I would like to confirm my power as your neighbor, furthermore you can move freely away from your own plane, while I am out' The Pluto had made his isolated laugh, 'No, I will be here for the deep-sky objects.'

There was no time for Vala to be impressed with the reflective expression of the Neptune, when the most handsome Saturn who had never ever experienced the physical decay, gave the fluttering smirk to the Maiden, with his glittering ancient ring that would gravitate her.

The king's clock was set, although he disapproved the competition, his habit of indulgence in the citizens' time accuracy convinced him to announce, 'Within a revolution of the shorthand, my princess shall settle with the partner.' Logos winced to the Dwarf-Centaurs, they rapidly jumped on to the swing to tell the beginning of the match.

The gale from the clock echoed, waving through to the outer space, it formed the enormous, pellucid strip field that was too limpid to be visible, but actually existed as the elastic Mobius ground, the bouncing or the sprinting five challengers, who were straightaway, raised onto the flexible band twisted as if it was the separated floor in each of its dimension despite the fact as the one string, and this enigmatic illusion was not only as the deceitful ornament, but the tilted surface would work as their fortifications.

The guys' palms increased their magnetisms to pull the stars that fused with their innate powers. The man of rock, the Mars, absorbed the asteroids into his burning torso, and alloyed to transform these to be the metallic strength, which could make fare contest with the Jupiter's tinny hydrogen, yet realistically for the contained heat, it was resulted in providing the energy to the gas giant whose instant conversion was sheer effortless, easily continued his rapid spinning, and exactly, he was rather in search for the Uranus, his breath was felt, the invisible aggression coming to the gas giant from his behind.

Nonetheless, the transparent contender was, indeed, out of his security, as the Mar's scattering globes cracked his ice, so was the Neptune, who never sniped at the same kind to commit the mutual exchange of their freezing vigor, utterly making no sense, thus his bulls' eye was anyhow, the Mars, in order to attenuate the sweltering assault. This situation was the interesting point of her game, considering the sole champion as the survivor, it also depended on the tactical manipulation to let the ones defeat the other rivals whom they couldn't wipe off by themselves.

The Neptune was the upfront fighter, dealt directly with the Mars whose chivalric zeal shared the level with him, but the difference was that the Neptune's ice balls were without fatigue, infinitely productive, and these incessantly crashed to the Mars who suffered from his sprinkling decomposition, he was on the vicissitudes to be purple, then the Neptune's sudden snow storm, the man of fire was seemingly blackened.

For the time being, the Saturn morphed his ring into the thick rectangular wall for his shelter, by straggling in his elegance against the steaming atmosphere inflicted his art work as well, and the repetitive chemical process eventually caused his high dudgeon that he changed the splash-back into the disk, getting on it, to cross the diameter of the Mobius strip, he was definitely breaking the rule, no matter, the Uranus was there whose figure was flickering during his hunt for the Jupiter in his massive spool required to be evaded, but his ice had already been melted by the Mars, it consequently led the famous reaction of the Uranus that his dissolution could emit the methane gas mixed with the Jupiter's ammoniac surface, intoxicating odor, every body felt nauseating, except the supplier who was enough familiar with it.

Eventually, the Jupiter was dizzy, he decreased his speed, the Saturn successfully hollered on his vehicle, 'I've got the Jupiter!' Since the bile odor was vanished by the Saturn's disk that was also defrosted, the heavenly perfume was drifting from it, as if the nymphs' sighs to sing for Chaos, the Creator. As his precaution, the Jupiter poured over the ammonia not to sense the fuddled aroma, while the Uranus enjoyed it with his distended nostrils, 'Oh, the essence of divinity, and I can see Gaia's caravan coming for my sleep.'

The entangled adversaries, the battle field was the paradoxical hurly-burly, as soon as the Uranus was found completely visible, the Mars, rushed into him along the curved access, being chased by the Neptune, on the other hand, Vala was unbeatably hysteric to throw her abuse, 'Bandit, are you the Saturn! You, the pungent goat! My father has ever been seduced to divorce from the Areas, my mother.'

'Mmmm, mercy on me, I know nothing.' The Goat-Fish entreated to the king. 'Yes, yes, you the miserable sacrifice, but we don't eat you. Vala, what are you slandering about?'

However, she couldn't make her objection, as the Mars achieved the supernova explosion by the Neptune, the extrusive rocks were dispersed that all of them stroke the Uranus, and the fast progress to be the black hole, it was attracting the necessary ingredients, then the big bang! It became the planet, Mars, yet was it once or twice? The audience admitted to see Uranus the planet as well, serenely, still of its dream in the Universe.

The end of the fire was truly the effort by the Neptune's hail, but for the Saturn, it was counterproductive that repaired his disk if the ring was not destroyed by the Jupiter, so that the final weapon of the purpled Saturn was his body itself, the gaseous vapor mixed with the thawing remnant of his frill, in this time, the distinctive fragrance induced siesta, and their dreams were spectacularly reflected on all the surfaces of the Universe, the exhibitions were over the three hundreds and sixty degree, the panoramic display was as if the idyllic Parnasus, the golden orb shone the whole nature, the vivid avifauna, the gorgeous terrain, it was squeezed into the Jupiter's castle, with the plenty of grapes, wine, meat, all nymphs bore their resemblance to Vala, but their bodies were shaped

as the goats with the corpulent busts, some of them were rustling the Jupiter's hair. Vala was, once more irritated to spit, 'What a dream against my slender bosom!'

'Oh...they are mine, the lecherous goats and their physiognomies of my ram...' Logos was out of his business, and each sleeper was the protagonist of his own, they were existing in the equal setting of the dreamy world, and particularly the male audiences were crazed for their chimeras until the Goat-Fish gathered her globular cluster that was the group of the old stars, and veiled them, 'My elder assembly has no interests in the poisonous hallucination.'

They were, of course, restored their conscious, but the Jupiter grimaced in his tottering to the one of the deities, feigned to touch her tresses, subsequently sniffed at the amorphous fantasy, 'For a moment of decadence, who destroys the life, my strength that has been established, and my dominance? The reality does the superior robust.' The Jupiter's outrageous turbulence, after his electromagnetism absorbing all the essence of pleasure at once, he turned his rotation to the opposite direction, which burst it out to the Saturn, who went devastating laugh as the inebriated kaleidoscope, altering his color, from blue to purple without being black, and red, white...He was, then the pulsating neutron star, its systole and diastole, played the peculiar radio signal.

As it was stopped, the Maiden kissed the Goat-Fish, 'Oh, my nanny.' The nursemaid held her hand as her response, there was the small black hole emerged far from them, which was widely opening its mouth as if waiting for somebody.

Though the energy consumption effectively reduced the heat of the core, the superfluity of the celestial pandemonium was leaking onto the Earth, and these fell down on it, accordingly, the droplets increased the instability that the accrual of entropy affected the code of consummation and one day, there was the hatchback, dancing, skipping on the street, the grey exhaust was the drumming farts, the guffaw suggested as the graffiti on the metal body, 'F_u^c* Off!'

The police car pulled off to stop the jerking excursion, Bob got down from his car, and was advised the handy device to examine his breath, 'Driving While Intoxicated!' He inhaled deeply, the systole was 'OO' Whereas his diastole worked as 'Ol' Eventually, it transmuted their pulsation balance let the officer fly away, as the meteorites from Zeta intensified the ether among them. Since the police was vanished, he gripped the door handle to continue his drive, but his fingers were adhered firmly to it, within for a few seconds of his panic, Sally landed onto him from the sky, being attached to the metallic shield as well, she was radiating in orange, definitely that the red was to be the color of humans on their present surface.

On the next weekend, the guests of their wedding were not in agreement with their invitation lists at all, because of the masses of particles that had battered them, the unfortunate people who had been forcefully to be the observer for the coincidence, when the balls had been passing through their zeniths, or rather they had been to be the position to establish the proportionate relationship, here came the new one next to Bob's relative and they were to be the mutual partner!

The circumstances pertained in all around the world, but some of them dexterously caught the blasts and threw these to the others, the

tentative magnitudes of the inner or the extra terrestrial beings, whenever whatever they were doing, they had to travel through the air to their adequate partners more than the ones being at hand.

Vala's second aspiration for her game was perverted, as the entropy was rebounded from the Earth to reheat Zeta, and she was annoyed to admit the fact that the Jupiter's strength was not the bogus, furthermore she had puzzled the uncanny aspect during the battle between him and the Saturn, apparently, the protector for the ice, having attacked such devastatingly the Saturn, thereafter the king reversed his clock to give the victory to his intended fiancé for the princess, whenever the Neptune was superb, and her strategic solution was to gather her elliptic galaxies to establish the space curve by synchronizing them with the field, in order to catalyze the Jupiter's dotage, but the king protested, 'Don't beyond the speed of light, I can't consent to your way.'

'So do I, father, but in some sense, by my method, the space is shortened for me to be attached to whom is to be my best, even my defiance against the geodesic route.' The strip was topologically contoured, and it was completed as the roofed torus, the fresh pitch made benefit on the princess, waving the space dimension, it could do the red shift to be the longer wave, and the blue shift to be the shorter one, which redesigned the potential capability of the guys, for instance, it lengthened the distance for the ball to be flung, or the velocity, consequently the Jupiter was red shifted, but the Neptune was in cyan, whose shell didn't go faraway, but his magnificent speed, this opposed status was advantageous for the latter, because the Jupiter's magnetism was to captivate him who was able to beat up the gas giant within the closest proximity, swishing his bombardments.

The Neptune was in abeyance for his ambush, for the adversary whom he would exert his force to, which this machination had already been suspected by the enemy, sneaking towards him, while he could hear

the scrupulous whoosh, if the one was along the wall of this immense doughnut... the certainty was only the audible approach, the Neptune released the icy pollens to it, but there was no tangible effect, thankfully these unfurled the ice rink for him to skate away, any way, in this occasion, their positions were exchanged as the Jupiter quickly speculated.

The gas giant was drilling the bulkhead between where he stood and the center, his beam pierced even through the opposite side, then he hurriedly crossed the cracks in his gyration with his intention that he was going to send the Neptune into the abyss. However, at the moment, Vala urgently elongated the torus, thus the diameter of hole developed, the trespasser was culminated into grasping the edge of the cliff, he spit to the Maiden, 'Without you, the Universe continues to exist. I shall marry with the woman if she disappears, it vanishes as well.'

'You are reborn as one of my lackeys as the Dwarf-Centaur.'

'I reprove for your pithy clemency, yet I am to be the massive Sagittarius!' Many of the Dwarf-Centaurs who were in place shocked a bit, and the king impulsively moved his clock backward that it caused the phenomenon, independently from the morphology of his daughter, but for the two fighters, who were retrieved to where they had been, each of their minutes before, whether such proverb, 'The people have their own time.' was applicable in this case, in spite of the quoit that was still stretched out, the Jupiter was about to break the wall, regardless his rival was concentrating his ears on where the gas giant's tiptoe would come from, the obviously disordered status located the Jupiter in front of the Neptune, the threshold of hell behind.

In this foremost opportunity, the blue hero gushed out his sharp frost over the red enemy who was caught momentarily inside of the ice, and he was becoming black that was the highest temperature as well as the lowest far below zero.

The black-holed Jupiter was slowly floating upward, there was the tri-ple pigmented stellar shower over the Universe, his ultimate big bang induced the explosion of the other black hole, which had been as the lure to its void, the planet Saturn and Jupiter were the quiet neighbors. The Maiden was verily amour proper, 'Oh, you are almost correct as the dignity for the centaurs, their father!'

The dramatic events during the competition were broadcasted on the Earth, the newly coupled Sally was watching it with her new partner. 'Does the Earth continue its orbit after all humans are evicted?' The new husband kissed her, but the bangs from their porch, Bob's insurrection against his previous wife, 'Oh, oh dear!' Bob dispersed the starry dusts, her husband was launched off to somewhere.

‘Oh, oh buddy!’ Pollux and Caster stumbled down. The twins were the hybrid between the Dwarf-Centaurs and the dwarf-centaurs whose genes were dominantly from the horses, by their short legs, their supposed delay to inform of Logos, but the Crab-Dinosaur, it had already rescued the Little dog, with its alpha beam, just when the puppy had ebbed to spring onto the Hydra.

The discordant mayhem on Zeta, the adrenalized Dwarf-Centaurs, Cat-Penguins, Anubis-Flamingoes, started each of their competition, by whatever there were, from the gas to the dusts, solidified them to roll the lumps in their hands, the king and the princess executed the holes everywhere, caused by their gravitational force on the atoms to congregate, which had filled these, the father was targeting his daughter, and vice versa. As well as the people on the Earth rummaged for their exact partners, as the variations were infinite.

Having far from the conjugal frenzies, the Crab-Dinosaur was infested with the lurid oily worms, some of these were on the pet's eyes, which daubed the yellow glares, therefore the Aquila-Pteryx had to avoid the ally's vehemence, with its intention to aim at the pupils of the Hydra. The casualties were numerous among the Megalosauruses, their attempt to bite the monster, but they were quickly spattered away.

At the time, Pollux recognized the impossibility to reach the castle, and they discharged their planetary nebulae to yell at the Lyre that it promptly settled into them, the seductive melody, the empyreal consolation was flew over.

Because of the twin's instrument, the twin fish was aroused from his endless sleep, the legendary sea creature, said to be the relative of whales, they effulgently shook their fins, the infrared stimuli, as if these emanated from the wave of the Sunlight, as their spiral galaxies were soaked in goldenrod, the flood violated to wash the Crab-Dinosaur, and it re-obtained the eyesight, the Hydra was drowned, the fragmentation of the body to be the heaps of nematodes. When they sank into the foams, they made their final fizz from their heads, the swarming strings of their death, contaminated the torrent to be the muddy splashes.

The raged river intercepted the tumultuous field, when it was about to thrust all, the Neptune's beam froze the water that had washed up all the dirt. Vala hugged him, and confessed her love, yet her amplified excitement liquidated the bulwark that he had made, the high viscosity was because of the marshy gastropod sediment, eventually it coalesced into the vast spherical solid, irradiating, blowing up as the supernova explosion, then the black hole to collect the elements for the resurrection, until the final stage of the Big Bang.

Vala entreated the king, the Lyre was dulcet and consonant. 'I believe, there can be the potential of inequality, albeit all the matters of the Universe consist the upper and the lower part, the inequality of the equilateral triangles are within the positive notion, but in the case of negative inequality, it becomes the hope that is the inequality to be equal. Father, the revolution of your clock for the phase where we stand upside-down, since the orbit is elliptic, consequently it changes our mutual rapport, but have you ever succeeded in establishing the balance for the whole? The Neptune is cold in his negative temperature, and his power can, someday, convert the positive inequality to be the ample of our optimism, don't you think?'

'There are no objection, you have accomplished the gratified growth, my child.'

Especially, the Dwarf-Centaurs were blissful, running around the couple, in order to prepare for the ceremony. The pendulum told the time for wedding, and the ensued Big Bang! It was the emergence of the new planet.

The symbols of the infinite oath were exchanged between Vala, her red ring and the Neptune whose blue promise, they would be eternally on the present hyper surface, the two primary colors were intermingled. After for a moment, the bride's scream abruptly keened through the celebration, there was the Neptune in his black hole that was going to suck up all the existence, yet then, the Pluto in his rocky, frosty built flew over the galaxies, 'Final Wall For The Sun' was interspersed for Zeta as the firmly coagulated Pluto himself until the black hole exhausted the radiation to be Neptune.

‘Let’s warp the planet.’ The Pluto’s megalith was sparkling like benevolent Helios at dawn, therefore, nobody could question him, which ones would they go?

‘The Pluto is mine. “Now” is my uttermost happiness, as I selected the Pluto, and “Now” as I selected him, there is no more choice on me, “Now” and “Now” is to be forever “Now” for me.’

‘As “Now” indicates zero, neither to be the dreary past nor the uncertain future, under the eponym of god, Hades, within the melody is still mellifluous, by the time when I add my blessed soul to you, Vala, as I am the living death as nil in the smallest, and I feel your soul is nothing to be bereft.’ The audiences lent their ears to the fabulous vow, the Lyre played the cheerful fugue, exuberant applause for the couple, for the lives of the Universe, the Great Dog at the corner of the stage, which had been carried to there during his sleep, stretched to yaw, briskly clapped his paws.

However, there was the creepy procession on the soil under the feast, being veiled by the cacophonous joy, the infinitesimal existence, hoarsely whispered. ‘Repetitive Big Bangs? Repetitive same sort of your lives? See, I know you who were there. The planets are like the flowers in your garden, the red, red, scarlet petals...’

(Fin)

‘The Short Stories 2’ / Sachiko Tamaki, completed 4 April 2015, in Zurich.

(Profile / Sachiko Tamaki)

May 1975 - Born in Japan.

September 2011 - Stay in Kent, England.

February-March 2013: During the online courses for the short stories, the first drafts for 'Heaven's Breath', 'Riddle of the Lake' completed.

November 2013: After the first draft 'Daisy', the research for 'Canopy Of Azure' began, the idea of the story gradually formed.

November 2013: 'Academic Essays' / Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

December 2013 - Stay in Bedfordshire, England, the research for '!?' began, the idea of the story gradually formed.

February 2014 - Travel to Switzerland, and stay in Geneva and Zürich.

Spring 2014: 'The Short Stories' / Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

May 2014 - Travel to USA. The reference & the material note, the production note, for 'Canopy Of Azure' completed in Washington D.C and Maryland.

July 2014 - 'Canopy Of Azure', the plot outline completed in San Jose, California, the first draft writing began, stay for one week in San Francisco.

August 2014 - Travel to Argentina, stay in Buenos Aires.
The reference & bibliography note for '!' completed.

September 2014: 'Canopy Of Azure' / Sachiko Tamaki
published online.

October 2014: The production & material note for '!' completed.

November 2014: The plot outline for '!' completed.
The research for 'The Short Story 2' began.

November 2014 - Travel to USA, and stay in Los Angeles.

December 2014: The first draft for '!' completed.
The plot idea for 'The Short Story 2' gradually formed.

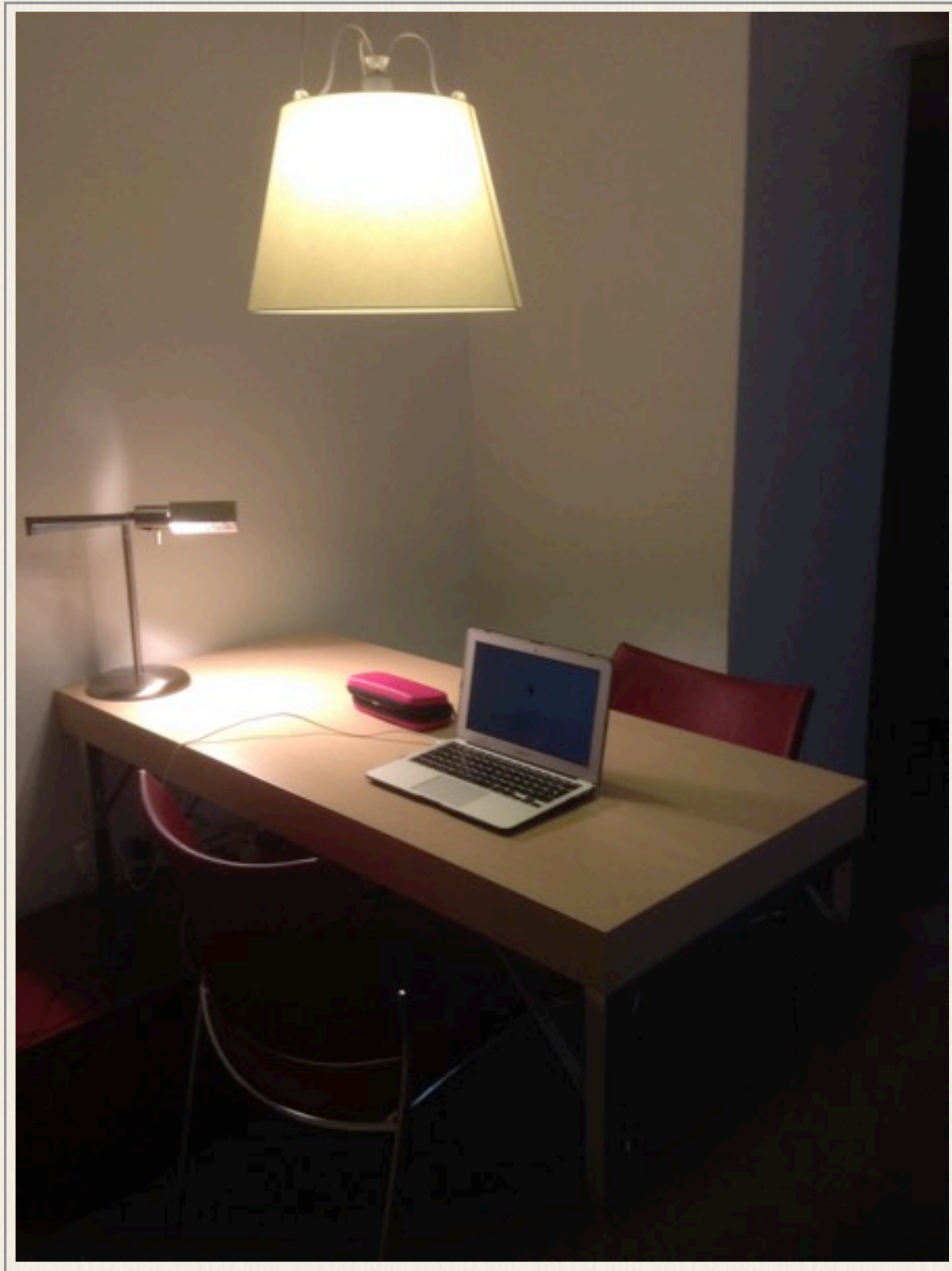
December 2014: '!' / Sachiko Tamaki, published online.

January 2015 - Travel to Texas, stay in Huston.

February 2015 - Travel to Switzerland, stay in Zürich.

March 2015: The production & material note, the bibliography, as well as the plot outline for 'The Short Story 2' completed.

April 2015: The first draft for 'The Short Story 2' completed.
'The Short Story 2' / Sachiko Tamaki published online.



Sachiko.T's room, Zürich in Switzerland.
(Spring in 2015)

